

THE

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## THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

THE readers of this Magazine have become acquainted with the proceedings of the conference through the reports of the secular press. They will get in this way, however, very imperfect and inadequate impressions of what was done and what is proposed to be done, as well as of the general spirit and tone of the meeting itself.

The convention at New York doubtless marks an era in the history of the Unitarian body, — if heretofore it has deserved the name of body. It was distinguished by two characteristics altogether new. It was strictly a representative body; not an accidental meeting of persons speaking for no one but themselves, but of persons whom the churches had selected, and sent thither. And they were represented, not by ministers mainly, but by laymen; as these latter constituted two-thirds of the delegates present. These laymen were men of the highest order of intelligence, many of them holding the first places of trust in the community, men of clear, practical wisdom, who evidently knew what they believed, and could give a reason for it.

Apprehensions and forebodings of evil preceded the meeting, preventing we know not how many churches from being represented. Some creed will be got up, it was said, and imposed upon the body; or the door will be thrown wide open to radicalism, which will come in and take control. Or

there will be a great "fight" between the two wings of the denomination, and a schism in consequence.

They met: many of the delegates sharing these vague apprehensions, and also the general feeling of uncertainty which one shares in stepping upon untrodden ground.

Dr. Clarke's sermon in the evening of Tuesday, recommending "a change of base," though well enough as he would explain the phrase, by no means allayed these apprehensions. So that, when the convention met the next morning, and ere its organization was complete, a distinguished layman brought in five distinct articles of faith, virtually a creed, which he proposed as the basis of the new organization. These articles were as follows:—

1. Belief in the Holy Scriptures as containing a revelation from God to man, and as deduced therefrom.
2. Belief in one God, the Father.
3. Belief in one Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, the Son of God, and his especially appointed messenger and representative to our race, gifted with supernatural power, "approved of God by miracles and signs and wonders which God did by him," and thus, by divine authority, commanding the devout and reverential faith of all who claim the Christian name.
4. Belief in the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
5. Belief in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection from the dead, and life everlasting.

Here was a very excellent creed, and probably nine-tenths of the meeting so regarded it. But they thought its introduction ill-timed, and laid it upon the table; not, however, till it had developed, very decidedly, the two opposite lines in the convention, which were reserving their fire.

The convention then went to work, putting off this matter of a creed for the last stage of the proceedings, and giving it in careful charge to a committee of twelve, representing all shades of opinion. The work of the convention consisted mainly of three things:—

Hearing reports from the various associations existing within the denomination, that the whole field of operation might

be clearly surveyed, and the demands made by the increasing wants of the times clearly made known.

Devising some plan of action.

The deliberation and discussion held thereon as preliminary to its adoption.

Some of the reports were prolix, and contained irrelevant matter. But Dr. Stebbins, representing the American Unitarian Association, gave a view of the new field of work now opening before them, especially in the desolated South. The wants of Antioch College, the importance of filling up the Cambridge and Meadville Theological Schools to furnish teachers and missionaries in promoting the new civilization, were also made prominent, and the whole subject discussed with much eloquence. Dr. Miles read a report from the Society for promoting the Cause of Theological Education, one of the oldest benevolent associations in the Unitarian communion. Reports were also read from the Sunday-school Society; from the New York, Maine, New Hampshire, and Western Unitarian conferences. All together gave a clear conception of the organized Unitarian charities and associations, their field of operation, and their need of being greatly strengthened and re-inspired for the work which the Divine Providence lays with special urgency upon the liberal churches.

Next came the plan which the committee of twelve reported the next day. They brought in a preamble and constitution. The preamble embodied the creed, if you will, or the Christian bond of union and basis of action. It recognized the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration, "increasing our sense of the obligation of all the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God, and the building up of the kingdom of his Son." The articles following with by-laws, simply provided for the permanent organization of the national conference for Christian work.

The articles passed unanimously: not so the preamble. It developed again, and unmasked the two lines of division.

Our readers will perceive, that the preamble, though simple and comprehensive, embodies the grand article of the primitive Church. It acknowledges Jesus Christ as Lord, and gathers us around him as disciples, claiming our lives and possessions for the building-up of his kingdom. It organizes us, not as theists and philosophers, but as disciples and followers of one Lord and Master.

To some, this language and the idea which it expresses were both offensive. Christ was not "Lord," they said, but "Servant." He claimed no such lordship over us. The passage came spontaneously into the hearts of many; and it was written and sent along from hand to hand, "Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well, for so I am." One man said that "master," in those times, meant the same as "mister" with us. The debate showed a deep current of intense, anxious, and excited feeling; and it became very evident, that, if the preamble was stricken off, a schism would immediately follow, parting the "disciples" on one side and the "theists" on the other. On taking the vote, however, the majority was overwhelming and decisive. The preamble was adopted, and the body was organized as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. The vote probably was as ten to one, though no count was made.

Thus, after passing upon some details and subsidiary matters, closed the business-meeting of the convention. A word as to its general spirit and character. It was marked by an enthusiasm more deep and strong than we have ever witnessed before in the Unitarian communion. We think most who were present must have come away with the impression that the occasion was not got up by individual effort and influence, but that it came in the fulness of time, by a controlling Providence, as an agency required in the solemn future just opening before us. It indicated that the Unitarian body is no more to be fragmentary, but a national Church, to do its part in evangelizing and educating the people redeemed from the barbarism of slavery. It settled one point about which there had been much doubt and despondency. It had been feared, and really supposed, that the denomination



was swinging round into the naturalism represented by the name of Theodore Parker. The decisions of this convention — the first one which really ever represented the churches, two-thirds of the members being lay-delegates — came down so emphatic and strong on the other side, as to show, that either those ideas never had any real hold upon the Unitarian body or, if they had, the rebound is now pronounced and final; and a universal re-action has taken place. We are not drifting from the foundation, but standing upon the Rock of Ages ten times more firmly, for having looked into the gulf down which no light ever shines but the private reasonings and guesses of erring men.

It would hardly be right to omit the social gathering in the evening, after the business-meetings of the convention were closed. The Music Hall was crowded by some thousands of persons besides the delegates of the convention. The speaking was excellent; the best feeling flowed through the festivities of the evening; but its grand feature was the speech of our Governor Andrew, who struck the key-note both of the convention and of the national rejoicings, and, for an hour, swept the hearts of his hearers with thrills of thanksgiving for our victories, hopes of a brightening future for all races, and of subdued and most tender sorrow for our fallen brave.

So far, the convention was a signal success. Its one great article of faith places the denomination on clear and firm Christian ground,—the ground on which its fathers placed it, leaving to the right of individual interpretation to unfold the wealth of the gospel in ampler measure. If it stands on this ground, and goes forth heartily and strongly in the name of Christ to do its part in the civilization of the new era now dawning upon us, educating and christianizing the races which look to us for light, building up the waste places, covering the desolations which the war has made with the greenness of a new day-spring from on high, organizing and directing its vast resources of wealth and intellect and learning for this noble end, a new career of prosperity is before it, and the divine blessing will be upon it, we are persuaded, in ampler measure

than it has ever experienced. Having made a clean denominational line towards the neologism of the day, which had hung around the goodly ship like a cold Newfoundland fog, it may go on, if it will, in the clear sunlight, wafted by the breezes of God's spirit, freighted with the divine riches and with the best hopes of mankind. s.

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## HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

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### XXVII.

"AUS GNADEN SOLL ICH SELIG WERDEN."

Melody, — "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

BY J. G. W. FORSTMANN.

[Another hymn is in the Psalm Books, with the same first line and to the same tune, ascribed to Christian Ludwig Scheitz, 1742.]

FROM Grace alone descends the blessing,  
And I am safe and reconciled ;  
For no desert of my possessing,  
The Father owns me for his child.  
Through my Redeemer I am pure ;  
Through Grace my hope is ever sure.

Through Grace ; — for who can be deserving  
Of what the Saviour Christ has done,  
Who, through his cross and passion serving,  
For guilty men a pardon won ;  
When he, who knew no speck of sin,  
Chose that sharp road to travel in?

By Grace 'twas done. Revive, ye sinners,  
Made clean by what he underwent !  
The law-condemned are heaven-winners,  
Believing now and penitent.  
What gifts, which he alone can bring !  
The culprit is a priest and king.

Oh, then, with feelings glad but lowly,  
 Extol the hope on mercy built !  
 Presume not on that goodness holy,  
 And thus be heaping guilt on guilt.  
 For they who trifle with such love  
 Shall find their trust a ruin prove.

Help, Lord, through Grace to be confiding ;  
 Be with me when my strength is small ;  
 And, when my treacherous feet are sliding,  
 Forbid that they should slip to fall.  
 Thy hold alone keeps man upright,  
 And shields him from the Tempter's might.

When Grace the soul to glory raises,  
 With all the saints above the skies,  
 More nobly, Lord, shall sound its praises  
 Than here on earth the strain can rise.  
 For there made perfect I shall shine,  
 For ever blest, for ever thine.

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 XXVIII.

"IESU, MEINES LEBENS LEBEN."

BY ERNST CHRISTOPH HOMBURG, 1659.

JESUS, of my life the living,  
 Of my dying is the death ;  
 For my sake his own self giving,  
 Yielding up in pangs his breath ;  
 In the deepest shadows lying,  
 That my soul may know no dying.  
 Thanks and praises numberless,  
 Dear Redeemer, be for this.

Thou wert scorned, rejected, hated,  
 And acquainted well with woe ;  
 For thy brows the thorns were platted ; —  
 Why consent to have it so ?

That I might thy joy be sharing,  
And a crown immortal wearing.  
Thanks and praises numberless,  
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

Thou wert willing to be wounded,  
That my stripes might healed be ;  
Wert with threats and bonds surrounded,  
That I might go safe and free ;  
That my trust might ne'er be shaken,  
Thou didst please to hang forsaken.  
Thanks and praises numberless,  
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

N. L. F.

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#### LETTER TO ONE PERPLEXED BY DOUBTS.

YOUR letter, my friend, reveals a state of mind not so unusual and strange as you seem to imagine, — a feeling in which many can sympathize in these days, when the very foundations, not only of society, but of religion, are disturbed, and questions as to all that you have been accustomed to regard as sacred and immutable are discussed with a critical freedom rarely before known. Your whole mind and spirit have been disturbed, and for a time thrown off the old balance. Carefully educated in religious truths, regarding the Bible with sacred reverence, trusting its words with implicit confidence, and accepting the opinions of your Christian parents and teachers with unhesitating faith, — now that you are led to search for yourself the foundations of truth, to feel your own personal responsibility in the formation and expression of your opinions and faith ; now that you feel no other soul can do more than guide you, and even then with no infallible certainty ; and that, from the one Fountain of life, you must draw for *yourself* of the living waters of truth, the free gift of the Spirit, — no wonder that for a time you are perplexed, wearied, disturbed.

Your dimness of spiritual vision, and your intellectual perplexity also, re-act upon your daily life and character. The uncertainty of your faith, and the consciousness that others do not appreciate your difficulties or sympathize in your doubts, renders you too often captious and irritable. So wonderful is the mechanism of our inward being, so delicate the chords that bind all in harmony, that, if one of the members suffer, all must suffer with it; and, if one string be untuned, there must be only a discordant response. And this, too, only adds to your self-reproach and weariness. You know you are wrong; you strive to conquer the bitter feeling or the angry word; you strive to perform the old routine of daily duty with the old cheerfulness and zest: but the restless thought within cannot find an answer of peace in the outward routine of life; and, burdened with the added consciousness of failure and sin, you cry out in despair, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to his seat! Who shall deliver me from this wretched uncertainty and doubt? — from the body of this death? Who shall tell me what and where is truth?" You say, "I strive to pray; but these same questions and perplexities press in upon the soul as I approach the mercy-seat, and God becomes a vague infinity, not a personal Father, the hearer and answerer of prayer. I endeavor to approach Jesus; but how shall I think of him? as man, as God, or a super-angelic being of whom I can have no distinct conception, — neither able to love him as really my brother and Saviour, nor to see clearly the Father dwelling in him? I turn to the Scriptures. Am I to read these writings through the interpretations of scholars and divines, or am I not also to add to such critical knowledge the free use of reason and of my own intuitions? Will not, and does not, the Spirit speak now to each longing soul, no less than to evangelists and apostles in earlier times? And how shall I distinguish this voice of the Spirit from the teachings of reason and consciousness? In a word, where and how shall I find rest, after all these wanderings and sins, and in the midst of doubts and anxious questionings?"

In reply to your inquiries, my friend, let me offer you a few

simple words in true sympathy, trusting they may be of some avail in opening to your spiritual vision a clearer view of Him in whom alone is peace, — who says to all the weary and heavy-laden, “Come unto me, and ye shall find rest.”

I do not doubt the reality of your Christian aim and purpose, — that you have been sincere in your words and teachings and life hitherto. All of the past is not lost nor false because God is now leading you through these valleys of humiliation, and these deeper inward experiences, to a fuller sense of your need of him. But you have rested too much in the opinions of others, have been content with the repetition of religious phrases and observances, and have too often substituted religious *opinions* for religious *faith*. Thank God, that you feel your need of a surer and more stable support; and doubt not, that, even through these weeks and months of darkness, he is guiding you to a firmer foundation, — a trust that cannot be shaken; an inward, personal realization of the truth that cannot be taken from you.

And, first of all, be faithful in prayer, and *persevere* in your longing petitions. No matter how indefinite is your thought of God, how faint your comprehension of his infinity; no matter if your heart-longings seem uttered only to a vague presence, or even to return to you void, — still *persevere*. Keep your soul open to God; keep the eye of the spirit turned to him. You *know*, that, in turning away from him, there is only unrest. Pray, even if you cannot in distinct words; for remember that these very longings of the soul are the truest prayers: and so cherish and deepen them. Pray and *wait*. Wait God's own time. Never yet has he failed to speak to the soul longing and asking to hear his voice, and patiently and trustingly waiting his own hour and way.

“For he will come, in his own time and power,  
To set his weary-hearted children free:  
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,  
And the bright morning yet will dawn for thee.”

And, next to prayer, strive to gain some distinct conception of Jesus, that no longer he may be to your soul an indefinite

person, a sort of myth, a being afar off, whom you do not comprehend,—neither man nor God,—whom your early education teaches you to regard with reverence, whose words you say you believe, whom you feel you ought to love, but to whom you have never yet been drawn with aught of the real affection you feel to parents and friends, because there is so little reality to his being. Here lies one chief source of your difficulty; and, were this in any degree removed, new light and peace would come to you. You strive to love him, to know him as your Saviour and Helper; but you can form no conception of him to your mind's eye. You have never really felt his love to you, and love only can beget love; and thus there is self-reproach for your coldness, and the thought that you ought to feel differently. The deepest faith cannot indeed comprehend him who reveals to us the Father, in whose soul are depths of being which no frail, finite spirit has ever yet fathomed. But more and more can we read, if we look to him, not through any preconceived theory or any opinions *about* him, but as he really lived among men,—as their friend and brother, and as we find he speaks to the soul's yearnings and wants, through the words uttered first among the hills of Judea or by the shores of Galilee, and now whispered to the spirit's ear through the ever-present Comforter.

Read the Gospels as they stand in their simplicity and fragmentary character. Read them with an unprejudiced mind, and without bringing to them any preconceived theory. Place yourself among the disciples who followed Jesus from day to day; go with him to the loved home at Bethany, or to the feasts at Jerusalem; mingle among the crowd on the seashore, listening to his words, or follow with the chosen few to the retired garden or the lonely mountain-top; watch him from day to day in his words and works of love,—and one impression will be borne in upon your soul: that pure and sinless as he was, elevated infinitely above all around him through that very purity and spirituality, he was yet one with us; the perfect man, the second Adam, the new creation of God, through whom a new divine life comes into the world. He stands as the representative of our race, the one complete

and perfect flower, — not merely the perfect man, but the perfect woman also; for in him was a completed and perfected humanity.

Losing sight of his humanity, we lose him as our brother and friend; and all that is so touching in his love, so tender in his compassion, so strengthening in his sympathy, so quickening in his example, is of no avail to us, when we place him far away, as some intermediate, super-angelic being, of whom we can gain no clear conception. For his temptations, then, are no real temptations, his sorrows no real sorrows, since he can be human only in the sense of wearing this human form of flesh and blood. He is no longer our brother in any way we can clearly comprehend. Do not fear to look upon him, as did his immediate disciples, with wonder and reverence indeed, but also with a consciousness of his real sympathy and help and love. "He grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." — "He was tried in all points, *as we are*, yet without sin." — "He was made perfect through suffering." These passages, and all such as speak of him as experiencing the emotions of joy or sorrow, pity or indignation, exaltation or depression, tenderness or aversion, reveal him as in truth the *Son of man*.

But as our brother, our example, our guide; as the representative of a perfect humanity alone, — he would not meet the soul's deepest wants. Your own yearnings and desires teach you this; your longings to know more of God, and to be more deeply conscious of his nearness to you.

Regarding Jesus, then, as the representative of a completed, perfected humanity, the "only-begotten of the Father," he was also, if we may use the term without a cold technical definition, the humanity of divinity, the "Word made flesh," — "Emanuel, God *with us*." God dwelt in him, and he in God. As the uncreate, the self-existent, the great "I Am," we cannot comprehend God. But all that we can know of him, all that can be expressed to man of his infinite and fathomless being, we see in Jesus, the personal God, the Father who loves us and sympathizes with us, who cares for us as his children, who reconciles us in Christ, and bids us live the life



of children in his home of love. "He that hath seen me *hath seen* the Father." — "God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." And thus fixing the eye on that holy one, *seeing* the Father in the Son, we feel that God is no longer afar off, but comes very near to us; not merely that he manifests himself, or reveals certain attributes in Christ, but that he actually abides in him. "The Father that *dwell-eth in me*, he doeth the works." — "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the *Father in me*?"

You may speak, and truly speak, of God being everywhere present, of his filling infinity, of his spirit dwelling in every soul; yet, in your present state of mind, I believe that this view of God *in Christ* will aid you more truly than any other. It will bring him near to you, and give you that sense of his personal love and being you need; and you will hear, as from a divine voice, those blessed words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary, and ye shall find rest."

And now, in your weary struggles for light and truth, Christ comes to you, — not merely with sympathy, as the tried and suffering one, but evermore one with God: from his glorified humanity, he comes as the Comforter to sustain and to guide you, and to baptize you with those holy and sacred influences which you long for so earnestly, and which alone can still the restless cravings of your soul.

"Yes: the Comforter draws nigh  
To the breaking, bursting heart;  
For, with tender sympathy,  
He has seen and felt its smart:  
Through its darkest hours of ill,  
He is waiting, watching still.

Dost thou ask, 'When comes his hour?'  
Then when it shall aid thee best.  
Trust his faithfulness and power;  
Trust in him, and quietly rest.  
Suffer on, and hope and wait:  
Jesus never comes too late!"

"God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," redeeming it from evil, lifting up its fallen and sinful humanity, and infusing into it a divine life, coming as a new life and

light amid its darkness, and imparting to it his own divinity, — what can bring him nearer to us than this sublime condescension and love?"

Looking thus to the Father in the Son, listening as a child to the Spirit's voice, — slowly it may be, yet surely, will the light dawn within your soul. You will hear the words, "Thy sins *are* forgiven; go in peace," with such a sweet assurance of faith, that no sense of personal ill desert or inward failure can take from you. And when, from the deep recesses of the soul, comes the yearning cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" the promised day-star already will have arisen.

"Wait! for the day is dawning,  
Though the dark night be long;  
Wait! God is *not* forsaking  
Thy heart. Be strong, be strong!"

Persevere in prayer; look earnestly to Jesus until you see the Father *in* him; and so look and strive and patiently wait, — yet wait, not in apathy and indifference, but resting in God. No longer let the want of spiritual and intellectual clearness lead you to impatience and distrust, and the loss of self-control in the daily life; but *work* while you look and pray and wait. Be faithful in your daily duties; faithful in the active services of love to others; and through this very endeavor to be faithful and conscientious, as far as you see and know, new light will open to you.

Not the soul, dimmed by passion, can see the pure light of truth, or discern God's presence: only the pure in heart can see him. Not in settling opinions *about* Christ, or theorizing about his nature, will you find peace in believing; but alone in the consciousness of having him in your soul.

To refuse to walk in the narrow way because we *see* not always our guide or the end of the path, is a fatal mistake. Obedience, indeed, is easier when the vision is all clear, and there are cloudless skies above us; but to follow the Master amid the darkness is a surer test of faith. "Take up the cross, and follow me," are his words. The way he may lead us, and the cross he lays upon us, are his to choose. It is ours to follow and to bear, through darkness or light; and no light

cross is this inward darkness and perplexity. Only the soul that has known its weary strivings, its untold yearnings, its restless struggles, its bitter doubts, can know the blessedness of the first dawning of a clearer light.

And this blessedness will yet be yours. Watching and praying, working and waiting, looking to Jesus, you will more and more clearly see the Father in the Son, and be drawn to Christ as your Saviour. "*God in Christ*, reconciling the world unto himself." And so will all minor questionings sink into insignificance before this glorious truth. Still will you seek, and press on to know more fully; no longer restless and anxious, but as a child learning of the Father. Coming unto him, infolded in his love, you shall find rest unto your soul.

"May the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have *suffered* a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you!"

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#### THE HIDING PLACES OF POWER.

EVERY reflecting person feels that he is responsible for his words and deeds. He alone is answerable for the effects which they produce. It is his agency which has brought them about. He is responsible for the form which his activity takes, and for the manner in which he employs his opportunities and his time. But there is another and a most important matter in respect to which we are too apt to underrate our responsibility; I mean, our influence. This, as its etymology implies, is something that flows out from us. It is the impress which all that is comprised in our personality produces upon others. As the sun sends out its rays of light and heat, so from every individual there proceeds a power which modifies those upon whom it falls. We cannot separate ourselves from those social, sympathetic bonds, along which invisible spiritual currents run. By the very tone of your voice, or aspect of your countenance, you affect those

about you. You cannot be sad, even though your grief should obtain no utterance through words, without others sorrowing with you. You cannot be cheerful, and not communicate your joy to other hearts. You cannot neglect a duty, and not afford excuse to some one else for deferring and abandoning what he ought to do. We may not suppose that the results of a wrong word or action stop with its immediate effects. For instance, a person may prevaricate in some matter that seems trifling. Apparently, except as a matter of present convenience, whether he spoke truth or falsehood would make no difference. But the consequence of his action does not cease with the attainment of the object which he sought. It produces an effect on other souls, modifies their characters, weakens their faith in virtue, and renders them less scrupulous to speak the exact truth. Nor does our speech and action affect simply those with whom we come in contact. Our influence is transmitted through acquaintances to thousands who have never known us. Persons who have never heard our names, nor been aware of our existence, may have the whole current of their lives changed from some thought or feeling that we have expressed.

And not only so, but our influence mingles with the stream of time, and is transmitted to succeeding generations. We can see this plainly in the case of men like Luther, Calvin, Howard, Milton, Channing; but it is equally true in the case of all. Those who come after us are different from what they would have been, were it not for what we do and what we are. The character and conduct of the rising generation are modified by the influence of the one that is passing away. With far more certainty than the transmission of property, the influence of the parent passes down the long line of descendants, modified, of course, by other agencies producing more or less effect. The great poet of Greece called words "winged." They fly not only to the understanding of him who first hears them, but issue again from his mouth, until perhaps they take the circuit of the globe, become translated into foreign tongues, and reach the minds of successive generations. When Dr. Franklin wrote the maxims of "Poor

Richard's Almanac," he probably supposed that they would excite only a transient interest ; but they have spread wherever civilization has found a foothold, and regulated the practice of thousands of individuals. He himself admits that his own course was determined by two little books that long since have been banished from booksellers' shelves, and are hardly to be found in our largest libraries. Now, we can trace the influence of Franklin's words, because he uttered his thoughts in that proverbial form which fastens itself in the memory, and remains unaltered ; but there are numberless thoughts expressed which take new forms from the lips of each utterer, and can never be traced back to their source. If we suggest an idea to one of our fellow-beings, or call forth an emotion from him, we, in a greater or less degree, influence his character. He is different from what he would have been, if we had not existed ; and, consequently, the impression which he will make on others will have been modified by our own upon him. As the thistle commits its seeds to every breeze, and each seed becomes a new centre for the growth and dispersion of these troublesome plants ; so from ourselves influences are continually passing which take root firmly in other breasts, and become inwrought into the character and conduct of other persons. These influences may be good or may be evil, but they are unceasing ; and, solemn thought ! their effects are endless. The loudest utterance of the human voice dies away. The circles caused by disturbing the waters of a placid lake subside ; but the influences that flow from *us* strengthen as they widen.

*"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever."*

They accumulate force like the snowflake that starts from some Alpine ridge, and increases into an avalanche. What an influence does the mere existence of a person set in motion before he becomes a conscious agent ! The new-born child, helpless and unintelligent, calls forth a world of thought and emotion in his parents' hearts. He awakens their deepest affections ; arouses a solicitude which they have never felt for

themselves ; causes them to look forward into the future, and plan for his culture and happiness ; enables them through love to transform labor, weariness, and self-denial into pleasures. What pleasant anticipations, earnest wishes, heartfelt prayers, a weak, dependent infant awakens ! What an alteration his existence makes in the plans and management of a household ! What tenderness, and sense of responsibility, he occasions ! What a restraint upon the words and conduct, what a stimulus to effort, the mere fact of his being in the world affords ! While yet "new to earth and sky," a mere creature with appetites and sensations, with less apparent intelligence than the insect or the bird, he has exerted a most potent and usually a most beneficent influence, at least upon his parents' hearts. As he advances in life, and his mental and moral powers expand, his circle of influence widens. His brothers and sisters, his schoolmates and playfellows, are affected by his intellectual qualities, by his temper and his energy. A single truthful, obedient, affectionate child, such as became, when arrived at manhood, the first president of our republic, transforms the character of all his associates. He restrains them from quarrels, stimulates them to diligent application, imbues them with a frank, courageous, honorable, and generous spirit. Without knowing it, he has conferred upon his companions a benefit that will cause them to bless him as long as the soul continues to exist. Daily, hourly, every moment, his influence has been felt in the family, the school, and his circle of acquaintances ; and it has made better every one upon whom it has fallen.

Or suppose, what too frequently happens, that the child, without being especially vicious, is yet self-willed, resentful, and quarrelsome. Suppose that he is regardless of his parents' wishes and the happiness of his companions and his own improvement, or that his mouth is defiled with profane and impure words, or that he is unable to curb the flow of animal spirits, and devotes to his sports the time that belongs to more serious occupations ; how powerful an influence for evil does he send forth,—an influence which the most diligent efforts of judicious adults can never counteract or annul !

Without wrong intentions, from mere carelessness, he becomes like those who cast the seeds of a noxious plant into a garden, or who poison the springs that supply a community with drink. He has caused pain in the hearts of parents and teachers, compared with which the laceration of a limb might easily be borne. He has modified in a greater or less degree all with whom he has associated. They are different, probably, through life on account of their intercourse with him. They struggle with habits which his example helped them to form, and look back with regret to the dispositions cherished by his companionship. Suppose him to attain the age of manhood; and that the expansion of his mental powers, the experience of life, and his own reflections, have proved insufficient for his reformation. How surely does his irreverence, or worldliness, or disregard of others' interests, or bitterness of spirit, or other wrong quality, hinder the progress of the community to which he belongs! How are generous impulses chilled by his apathy! how are mischievous intentions fostered by his encouragement! how are dissension, variance, animosity, and wrath kindled into a flame by a spark which he has malignantly dropped! He has been the inharmonious pipe of the social organ, the bruised muscle or broken bone of the body politic, the unintentional, perhaps, but still the responsible, corrupter of souls.

How different are the effects produced by his character, from those that proceed from that man or woman whose heart is swayed by reverence towards God, and love for man; who at least strive to govern themselves, although their efforts may not always be successful; who disclose that the chief aim of their existence is to make themselves and others excellent!

Now, take the influences that have proceeded from any person in the ordinary ranks of life from the time of infancy to the age of threescore, and consider how immense their amount, upon what a multitude of persons they have taken effect, how widely they propagate themselves, and how their consequences are eternal; and can we estimate too highly our responsibility? Can we say lightly to ourselves, "It is no consequence what I do: my example is of no weight"?

May we dare to spread that subtle, moral poison that weakens and distorts the spiritual natures of our fellow-men? Must not the earnest prayer ascend to God, "Preserve me from promoting the downfall of my fellows"? Must it not be the thought of young and old, "Let my influence ever be on the side of justice, truth, good order, intelligence, freedom, piety, and good-will"?

It is said that, in a dockyard of England, a ship of many thousand tons was once built, and a large multitude had assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward, and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators; but he turned indignantly towards them, saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship, yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely-balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inestimable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

There is much, too, to encourage those who think their influence is small, still to do their utmost. They do not work alone. If they are laboring for humane and noble ends, laboring to promote the objects for which Christ labored, they have the sympathy and co-operation of all who are excellent and devout, of all those whose approbation and assistance are most desirable. "The voice of Nature and of God speaks out upon their side." With the consciousness of divine aid, no thought of failure can be joined. In the great edifice of human perfection which God is rearing, every stroke helps forward the work, and is wrought by his presiding mind into connection with other portions of his plan. The thread of



our existence is woven into the fabric by which God reveals himself,—a thread which may be beautiful throughout its course, or which may be stained and defiled by sin. It is true, then, that although we may not in any single hour seem to effect much by our influence, yet the sum of the results which the existence of each person in the world has caused cannot be estimated by human arithmetic; and a right effort, made at the right time and in a right manner, will have God's blessing go with it, and become one factor of an enormous product.

How plainly is this illustrated by those elements of our civilization which have come to us from past ages! We know not who uttered for the first time many of the truths that guide our conduct. We know not those who have helped to swell the current of philanthropy, courtesy, purity, piety, generosity, and other noble qualities, which mingles with and sanctifies the stream of worldliness that flows through the nineteenth century; but yet the power of their characters is felt by us. Plato and Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, Milton, and numberless authors, artists, inventors, and men of science, confer their benefits upon thousands who hardly know that these men ever lived. As from an inland lake a stream is brought by subterranean aqueducts, and at length comes to the surface in fountains that sparkle in the sunlight, or is distributed through numberless pipes into the dwellings of a populous city; so, through the channels of history, a stream of influence has flowed from all that were virtuous and lovely, blessing and regenerating mankind. From the spirits of the departed, from the spirits of those friends whose bodies we have committed to the dust, what a hallowing power comes! It goes with us as we labor. It is near us in our seasons of meditation; and, though it is too sacred to find expression often through our lips, it exerts a constantly refining agency on our hearts. We are daily made purer and better because such as these have lived and died.

But the most perfect illustration of the power of right influences is found in him so justly named the "Son of Righteousness," the "Light of the World."—"The music,"

says a writer whose prose is alive with the spirit of poetry,—“the music which led the shepherds to the manger was not sweeter than flowed evermore from the words and deeds of Jesus. As the clouds surcharged with gathered waters drop down upon the earth, so fell on the waiting souls of his disciples his words of promise; and as the earth opens her bosom to drink in the rain from above, so drank their spirits of the descending influence, and grew, though they might know it not. As sun he shone; as planets they received the beams and were glad, though they might wait long before they understood what were all the illuminations that fell upon them. And when the last dark hours are over,—those hours in which their faith faltered, and their love was found insufficient for the trial,—a new insight would naturally succeed. The Life re-appears from the realm of death. The Spirit descends, and they know the Lord. The vast continent of truth, on whose coast they had been passing so long in the evening shades succeeded by the deepest midnight, but from which brightest lights had shone and sweetest voices had floated to them, is now open and radiant,—its mountain heights with their pure celestial airs, its rivers and valleys with their groves and Edens, its whole unlimited sphere of new and divine beauty. Not more really did the disciples bear the image of the parent through whom existence came to them, and by whom their childhood had been nourished, than they bore also the divine image, which, thus impressed, enlivened, illumined, ennobled them; in virtue of which they perceived themselves likewise the sons of God.”

The influence of one life that was perfectly loyal to duty, that satisfies our highest conceptions of spiritual excellence, how quickly it spread through the world, and formed societies in its corrupt cities, whose members were bound to each other by closer ties than those of nationality and kinship! How it operated then and operates now in bringing souls to a consciousness of a paternal God; in restraining them from sinful dispositions; in elevating them above the power of temptation; in affording them support, consolation, and repose! How, from that great reservoir of truth, rills of sacred

influence have been carried down through the centuries, and over all the world! How, like the inflowing tide, which causes the rivers to reverse their course, does the current of spiritual life that proceeds from Christ counteract the wrong tendencies of the human race, and subject the appetites, passions, and affections of each individual to its superior power! The brief, and, as it seemed, the insignificant ministry of Jesus has been the most important agency in the historical development of mankind. And let it be remembered, that, in so far as we are like him, we become centres of illumination, light-houses of the world, shedding the radiance of a Christian character over the storm-tossed waters, and giving guidance, hope, and courage to many a mariner that is seeking the sure haven of God's love.

We have two modes of influence: the first is voluntary. We may put forth direct efforts to affect the conduct and character of others. We may persuade them by our words. We may seek to convince them by our arguments. We may employ the strength of personal affection to lead them with us. We may appeal to their own sense of what is true, honorable, and right. We may intentionally modify our own conduct in order that they may be moved by our example.

But we exert a still more powerful influence unconsciously. It flows out apart from our own efforts, and produces impressions which are entirely hidden from us. From each person, actions, words, and looks continually proceed, which, without his own or others' knowledge, affect the behavior and disposition of those about him. The very presence of those who have gained an intimate sympathy with our Saviour's spirit elevates the tone of conversation of a company into which they come. There are those, before whom evil thoughts, selfish motives, wrong desires, vanish; who carry with them an atmosphere of purity, peace, gentleness, and love; while there are others whose touch makes vocal all the discords of the soul. Let no one think that he is irresponsible for these unintentional influences. They are the natural outflow of the character. They are the pure or impure current that proceeds from a sweet or a brackish fountain. There is no

spiritual law more important than this : *We tend to make others what we are ourselves.* God grant that it may not be the lot of him who writes or of you who read this page to look back upon a life unproductive of good results, but fruitful in pernicious effects ! May the painful consciousness be not ours, that our example has led others to frivolity, to an unprofitable use of time, to the various vices of the tongue, or to the exercise of the evil passions that obtain lodgement in the heart ! Let rather be ours, through the help of God, the hope, that, although we have been unworthy, yet in some degree we have contributed to render those within our influence more trustful in Providence, more desirous to be excellent and useful ; that we have lightened their burdens, cheered and comforted them in sorrow, and helped them in their struggles against temptation, — helped them to obtain the blessedness which springs from confidence in God, and obedience to his will.

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CHRISTIANITY is not a *bare conceit* that a man need only to acknowledge with the mouth, and believe that Christ died for us, and hath satisfied for sin ; that a man need only to give assent to the gospel, and hold the history of what was done by Christ to be true ; and that a man need *only* and *barely* to go to his testament, and there receive the grace which he left behind him, and comfort himself therewith, and account it as a merit and *imputed* grace. It is not *enough* for a man to hear sermons preached, and to be baptized to Christ, and go to the Supper, so that a man do but keep the custom. This by far maketh *no* Christian ; it must be earnestness : none is a Christian unless Christ *live* and work in him ; as Christ himself saith, *Without me, ye can do nothing.* John xv. 5. Also, *He that gathereth not with me, scattereth.* Matt. xii. 30. — *Behmen.*

## A MAY IDYL.

THE Spring is here ; the sweet May-blooms,  
Like snow-flakes, whiten all the air :  
I smell the delicate perfumes  
Of apricot and pear.

I wander down the garden slopes,  
And take the path that nearest leads  
To where in blind assurance gropes  
My buried store of seeds.

Ah, Nature fails me not ! She keeps  
Her promise sacred as of old :  
See where her glad fulfilment peeps  
Up through the softened mould !

Pansies and pinks and daffodils, —  
A brave array of bursting green ;  
Prophetic of the bloom that fills  
The summer days with sheen.

A handful of unsightly seed, —  
That was the simple gift I brought ;  
And, lo, in answer to the deed,  
A miracle is wrought !

Nature, sweet Conjurer ! I kneel,  
Grateful yet awed before thy shrine :  
The mystery of thy strength reveal,  
And make thy secret mine.

I know the rich, warm summer hours  
Shall crown the promise of the Spring,  
And I shall walk among my flowers  
As happy as a king !

But for that other, higher growth, —  
The flowering of a perfect soul, —  
Alas, that care and sin and sloth  
Still keep us in control !

We are not wise as Nature is :  
She follows on where we essay  
A smother path ; small marvel 'tis  
That we do go astray.

And when shall come her autumn days,  
And she, among her fruits and flowers,  
Stands glorified, 'twere doubtful praise  
To match her work with ours.

Oh, bitter tale of wasted years !  
Oh, record of a life misspent !  
That might have been so void of tears,  
So brimful of content !

But what avails it ? Let us cast  
The old aside ; it may be, yet  
We may glean something from the past  
More potent than regret ;

And, standing at the last, may hear  
The heavenly mandate, " Hither come !"  
And with a tearful gladness bear  
The tardy harvest home.

Thus, they who entered in and wrought  
At the eleventh hour with zest,  
Received — so Christ the Master taught —  
Their penny with the rest.

C. A. M.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

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EVERY party striveth only about a literal image, and will have Christ bound to their imagelike opinion, and will be *patron* of that image, and do it upon no other ground, but that they will attain glory, honor, and high *esteem* by it ; which may be known, in that they all of them *disgrace* and contemn one another, that each of them may but maintain his imagelike opinion, and be called and esteemed lords of the mysteries of Christ ; and yet in their heart's respect, nothing but the earthly *Lucifer*, with temporary honor and self-will ; and will be worshipped as Christ. Every party would have it so, that men should worship their image ; viz., their *framed* literal opinion. — *Behmen*.

## MORNING SIDE.

## CHAPTER V. — SUBMISSION.

I THINK I have once or twice alluded to Arthur Ashton's brothers and sisters. His parents left five children ; and of the youngest but one, Sarah, my story requires me now to speak.

She had passed her fifteenth birthday, and had become a healthy, well-proportioned girl, whose regular features, pleasant smile, affectionate ways, and native gracefulness of manners, had been noticed by all friends of the family.

What an element of personal attraction is this gracefulness of manners ! Elegance of form, brilliancy of complexion, and perfection of features, may at first more impress the eye ; but they do not win the heart so much as attitudes, gestures, movements, which seem inspired by the soul of beauty, and have a living charm. In none of her gifts does Nature appear more capricious ; for, while there are some to whom this grace is as spontaneous as the aroma of the flower, there are others to whom no art can give even a consciousness of their defects.

I had also noticed in her, as united to strong good sense, a rare self-possession, and quiet self-poise of character ; and, to a remarkable steadiness and endurance of purpose, she added those bright sparkling emotions which well forth from a deep fountain of imagination and sensibility.

Every one saw how quick was the sympathy between Arthur and this sister. In some respects, she strongly resembled him. He had secured for her a thorough, solid education, and was now looking to see her mature into womanhood, —

“Like the swell of some rich tune, —  
May advancing into June.”

Is there any other point in human life more full of expectation and hope, or when loving eyes observe more intently the daily unfolding of bloom and beauty ?

There is likewise, I believe, at this precise age, a peril that often sends sorrow into circles which but yesterday were radiant with hope. It is the fruit falling from the tree just as it has received its form ; it is the rose dropping from the stem just at the opening of the bud.

It seems to add to our conception of the treasures of heaven, when we think how many have been taken hence in virgin innocence, with no mark of this world's care or sorrow on their souls, and with that first, fresh thirst for what is divine, which seems to make them even here but a little lower than the angels. Perhaps it is through some mysterious consciousness that such as they may at any time be claimed and called up higher, that we all feel such an interest in that age.

The fact of Sarah's sickness had not been named to me in a manner that gave me any impression of supposed danger. It was in the latter part of summer, in those long, warm days when the sun pours forth such a dazzling brilliancy, and the song of the birds is hushed, for their season with us is ended, and the locust, high in the trees, with his prolonged and zealous whiz, has taken their place, and hardly a thing moves, save now and then a soft breath from the west lifts the silken tassels of the corn.

Amid all that quiet repose around, how swift in one place was the progress of disease !

" The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star,  
Clear, suddenly, and still."

The partition that separates this life from the other, at times seems thin, and almost transparent.

I shall not soon forget the tenderness of our interview when Arthur and I first met after Sarah's death.

I believe there are few such occasions of contact and blending of souls, as, among near friends, the first hours of bereavement present. May not an intimation that One comes tenderly to us in our sorrows be drawn from the fact that he has made others to come so close to us then ? Why did he do this if he be indifferent to our griefs ?



There is an unquestioning assurance of human sympathy in the longing to tell all the story of our trial. And here, too, why should we be made to find help out of ourselves, if help from the Highest be only a dream?

I know that others cannot share the hardly suppressed emotions with which we dwelt upon all the particulars of her sickness, — her gentleness and patience; that calm self-composure which she maintained throughout; the clear possession of her mind up to the last; that looking steadily to what might be before her, yet without one symptom of fear; and then, in the final slumber, that sweet smile on her lips, as if she discerned kindred forms, and heard loving words of welcome — as she may have done — from the other side of the rending veil of time.

Perhaps we have not always given the right name to an event which comes with so much gentleness and beauty.

"I cannot tell you how it is," said Arthur, after a long pause, "but my heart seems full of the conviction of His unutterable love. Never, in my happiest hours, have I felt it so thrillingly as now in this chamber of death. In making me capable of sustaining these precious relations, in giving us that loved one at all, in the memories of those happy years of her childhood, and now in that gentle voice with which she still speaks to me, how much is there here that melts my heart! I feel not only that it is all right and well, but that He is infinitely good."

I could not but think that perhaps the newly-ascended so much draw our minds after them, by spiritual attraction, that we have momentarily the advantage of their clearer sight, distinguish better between shadow and reality, and know God more in his substance, which is love.

I have often reflected upon the fact that it is in our highest states that faith is strongest: it is only when our soul falls into neglect that the bats and owls of doubt fly to the windows to lodge therein; and I believe I made some remark upon the confirming power of those higher visions which we have in the presence of death.

"How is doubt possible," said Arthur, "when I feel the

divine hand laid upon me, and I know by so much that thrills through me that it is the hand of the Father? Say not that he is too great to notice us individually; for he has noticed each of us, because he has made us; and the infinitely wise and loving One is not like a poor artificer who casts aside and forgets the work of his hands. 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice;' and why should we renounce our faith in that, in order to believe that we are only bubbles, floating, uncared for, on the currents of a boundless ocean?"

We sat for sometime silent; but our thoughts turned again to her who had left us.

"To the earthly eye," said Arthur, "it seems strange that she, so hearty and full of promise, should be the first to be taken from our little flock. But what do we know of all that belongs to those times which are in His hands, that we should call any thing untimely? Even for us who are left, it may be best that she should henceforth live, as she will, closer to our souls than when she was in the body; while, for her, will not those elements of a noble womanhood unfold more perfectly there than here?"

A reference of his hand and eye gave another direction to our minds. We uttered not a word, and yet somehow we seemed conscious of each other's thoughts through processes more subtle than speech. It was before the impenetrableness of the mystery of death that we stood dumb.

It was with us as with a party of friends who arrive at one of those Italian cathedrals, before the portal of which, in summer, hangs a heavy leathern curtain. It lifts up suddenly, and one passes in: we seem to get a glimpse of arches and statues, to catch the swell of the organ and a wave of the incense, when the curtain instantly falls, and the wonders of that temple are known only to the one that has entered, and left us standing outside in speechless awe.

"She has entered within the veil," said Arthur, "to explore, earlier than we, those mysteries and glories of which we cannot here conceive. And, when I think of her as wondering and happy in those upper mansions, is it wrong in me to long to know those things, and to wish that I was there?"

I cannot describe the hushed and eager manner in which these words were uttered. To my surprise, I detected in his eye an expression I had never seen there before. It was that sort of unearthly radiance which sometimes accompanies mortal disease. It startled me, and made me mentally ask if it were a token that his trembling aspirations might ere long find their object. But, thinking it possible that the look might have come from weariness and excitement, I rose to take my leave.

I drew Arthur to the window to observe sunset clouds, such as we sometimes see in early autumn, the beauty of which the skies of no other land, I believe, often surpass. The sun had just gone down; and his full rays fell upon a long mass of clouds that hung in motionless repose, and in folds of infinite grace, just above the horizon. From the gorgeous splendors of this line, up, up, even to the zenith, in ever-varying hue and brightness was the western canopy illumined, while its golden reflection tinted all the trees and hills around.

It was one of those sunsets which make us feel as if we might expect to see the faces of such angels as Raphael has painted peep over the clouds in grateful adoration.

I have often heard the stricken and bereaved remark that Nature seems to have no sympathy with their sorrows; her ongoings are the same amid all their anguish. They feel as if the sun ought not to shine brightly, nor the cheerful order of the world be continued. Some thought of this kind I let drop in the hearing of Arthur.

"No, no," said he earnestly; "such is not my feeling. I remember that, when a boy, if any thing unusual befell me in the presence of my father, if only I saw his smile, I was assured that nothing bad had happened. Here is the smile of the Father! Nothing bad has happened. Death benignantly takes its place in the quiet order and beauty of His works."

## LIFE FROM THE DEAD.

A Sermon preached in the First Church, Boston, on the day following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

LUKE xxiv. 5, 6: "And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

THE voices still sound for the ear of faith; and he who hath that ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches to-day. It is our resurrection-morning, a time consecrated to gladness; and yet it finds a nation in tears. Our tower of strength is fallen. Bloody violence has invaded the high places of the land; and he who was in deed as well as in name the head of the people, more and more trusted, more and more loved, as he was better and better known, lies dead,—our country's martyr. Only on the last Thursday, I tried to acknowledge, in a few earnest words, the eminent worth and high services of our noble President, and now he is no more with us on earth; and, saddest thought of all, the wrath of man hath wrought for us this woe. Let every believing soul exercise a high and serene and Christian trust, according to the great necessities of an hour which hath no precedent in our history, and be wise and calm and faithful in the persuasion, that, in the providence of God, the wrath of man shall accomplish all the more completely that divine purpose which nothing can defeat or so much as delay. Our Easter\* flowers shall remain in the house of prayer, not because we are glad,—we cannot be glad to-day,—but because we are full of the great hope which is the Christian's anchor, and which holds in the stormiest sea. They are provisionally here to grace the burial of our Chief Magistrate, honored and well-beloved, the best defence of the nation, under God, only yesterday: they shall be eloquent

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\* Easter Sunday, April 16.

symbols of immortality, shining witnesses of the light that burns behind the darkest clouds, and of the love which is unchanging; of the earth, earthy, and yet fragrant as with the airs of heaven, and telling us of things heavenly, that —

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green.”

I am not sorry that it is Easter-morning; that the sad message has found us at the open tomb of Jesus, thankful, with a Christian thankfulness, that death is for ever abolished, and taught, by that look of triumph in the eyes of our risen Lord, how surely and how swiftly sometimes God brings the best things out of the worst, and clothes the heaviest spirits in the most radiant garments of praise. Let us confess his hand; and that known unto him are all the works of man from the foundation of the world; and that this blow also was needed, else it had not been given in the providence of One who never willingly afflicts.

“Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.” It is a pious, faithful, and most tender office to go to the graves of our loved ones; and not to weep there were to be less than human. Know ye not, said the apostle, that ye are the temples of God; and that your very bodies are consecrated, fashioned into majesty and beauty by the life within? And we have all seen how the departing spirit sets upon the lifeless form its own lovely image; and, in proportion as we honor the soul, we deal very tenderly with the soul’s wonderful tabernacle. Nevertheless, there is need of the question, “Why seek ye the living among the dead?”—need that, even here in Christendom, we should again and again be told, “He is not here, but is risen.” They are not the words which man’s wisdom teacheth. Science does not announce them amongst her discoveries, old or new. The heart of nature hath no such burden as that to roll forth from its burning core, persistent as is its hope, deep as is its desire of immortality. The voices are the voices of angels: they come to us from that tomb in which Christ and his gospel seemed to be for ever buried; they are the echoes

of those early testimonies which declared to all the world, beginning at Jerusalem, that he who "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried," rose from the dead on the third day, to be called, ever after, the Lord's Day, to be the Easter of each week, —

"Till week-days, following in their train,  
The fulness of the blessing gain;  
Till all, both resting and employ,  
Be one Lord's Day of holy joy."

It is an unspeakable privilege to live in days when the angelic voices are to be heard; and we never hear them more distinctly, and are never more sure that they are from heaven, than when, in our human weakness, we are afraid, and our faces are bowed down to the earth. It would be agony sometimes to look upon the poor stricken body, over which the change may have passed almost in the twinkling of an eye, if the spirit which leads us into all blessed and consoling truths were not waiting for the opportunity to say, "He is not here, but is risen;" for that is what the spirit whispers in the heart of every true believer since the Lord abolished death. The bridegroom has been taken from them, and the children of the bride-chamber may well mourn; but it is a holy and hopeful sorrow which moves their hearts, and they are lifted at once into heavenly places with the departed, and he is transfigured before them; and the eyes which were holden before that they could not see are anointed; and, because he lives, we live. Listen now, as you never yet have listened, for the angelic voices. It is a nation's opportunity to grow into a deeper faith in the everlasting life, — a faith that death only sets free, and reveals the bound and hidden soul. It is a faith which we owe to Christ. He changed the philosopher's opinion and the people's hope into a practical and abiding persuasion. The angels did not light up the tomb with their glowing faces and shining garments until he was laid in it. Then words of good cheer were heard, which were not passed by as the idle tales of the superstitious, but were taken up as most authentic

Gospels, and proclaimed wherever men, from fear of death, were subject to bondage. It is our blessed heritage from those who were glad because they had seen the Lord. It is a faith which we can have in its power and fulness only so far as we are thoroughly Christian, not merely in the reception of the outward facts, but in a conformity to the very heart and mind of Christianity. It is a faith which must be proportioned to our other faiths, and chiefly to our confidence in truth and goodness and immortal love. Not to all the people is Christ revealed, but to witnesses chosen before of God, who, though like Thomas they might hesitate for a moment, could not scoff like the Athenians when Jesus and the resurrection were named together, since nothing could be more credible than the rising of such a Lord.

Not of us is it to believe ; and yet God's gift is also our act, and we must exercise ourselves in this grace ; and a public grief so heavy and so unlooked for, and so suggestive of anxious questionings as this which presses upon all hearts to-day, may challenge and exalt our faith in things unseen, and help us to taste the powers of the world to come even more than a private sorrow. Let this be the measure of our Christianity. By this let us know whether we have been the companions and friends of Jesus, whether we look at the things which are seen, or at the things which are not seen, according as we shall be able to look up from the grave, and to seek for the living in their appointed and exalted places. God is not the God of the dead. Truly to confess him is to confess the life everlasting. No hand of violence can rob you of aught living, or consign you to hopeless sorrowing for the dead, if you yourself are truly alive. Find the soul in the body whilst the body lives, and you cannot be persuaded, — no, not though an angel from heaven should say it, — that, when the body dies, the soul too goes down with the dust into the grave. "Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Oh for that strong and ardent faith, which, in losing a visible person, gains an invisible life ! — a life which is ours no more by virtue of corporal contact or contiguity, but flows in upon us through channels hidden and

divine. It is a blessed faith which enables us, when the man is gone, to rejoice as we never rejoiced before in his high and gracious manhood; and, when the countenance is changed, to walk more gladly and steadfastly than ever before in the pure light which illumined it, and made the hard lines of a plain and often sad face soft and flowing and almost comely. It is a blessed faith which so joins us to the wisdom and goodness, to the honor and gentleness, and all the fair and sweet humanities of our friend, that, when he is taken from us in a moment, we find that what made him justly dear is more ours than ever; not to be groped for amongst the dead, but already abroad in this world of the living; accomplishing still the will of God on earth, and amongst the children of men. It is a blessed faith which suffers us not to linger over our dead beyond the just time of a natural and healthy sorrow, but commits and commends us, as soon as may be, to the paths of our daily life in which he walked, to the works which he was not permitted to do, and to the greater works which he promised, which makes him more to us in the way of inspiration and guidance than he could have been whilst he was in the body. In mourning for the tabernacle which a mad and wicked hand hath invaded, do not forget to seize and appropriate the great life which hath been not so much unclothed as clothed upon. Disappoint any who may have secretly desired or planned this great crime, by showing forth, with the enthusiasm of a new discipleship, the very being, the very persistent purpose, which they would have put out of the world had it been possible. And what vengeance is to be compared with that divine vengeance which multiplies a thousand-fold the one voice that a cruel death has silenced, and makes of the truth which was buried in the ground a word of strength and joy for the whole world?

There is a crime unto death. It ought not to be lightly dealt with. Let no man ask that it may be forgiven; but, when the ministers of God who bear not the sword in vain have fulfilled their office, and the criminal has received the stern sentence, let us remember, were it only for the honor



and the love which we bear to our dead, the generous and humane spirit that was so large a part of his noble manhood. I confess that I have not thought that they mourn for him wisely, who, renouncing his spirit before his poor outraged clay was cold, propose to be bitter and revengeful in fact, though not of course in name, as he was not. Friends, — *Christian* friends, — followers of him whose first disciples were as loving as they were just, let us not forget the many sad warnings of man's history, the cheats which his deceitful heart has put upon him ; let us not forget that what is begun in righteousness and love is often ended, and not well, in unrighteousness and wrath. We shall have lost our noble leader indeed, if we lose his spirit, the wise and considerate mind, the excellent judgment, the tender, humane heart, that were in him ; if, with all the wrongs, cruel wrongs, foul wrongs, that we have suffered as a nation, we forget that we are a Christian nation, and proceed to demand, and that too in the name of our gentle sufferer, measures of severity which he would never have sanctioned ; so taking advantage of his dying, to thwart one of the high aims of his living. You know that I have spoken in but one voice from the beginning of this war, pleading for its rightfulness in the sight of the highest Christianity ; and so you will not misunderstand my warning, lest, misled by passion, and not following, as we suppose, our man of peace, we inaugurate a reign of terror and blood. God grant that our martyr may be our deliverer ; that he who was raised up in the most manifest providence of the Lord to be our counsellor and guide in our years of sore trial may still rule and bless the people from the hiding-place of spiritual power ; and, if we have had occasion to distrust him who is now called to the highest seat, may our fears be changed into hopes, and the desire of the nation be accomplished ! \*

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\* The preacher desires that the paragraphs above may not be interpreted as recommending lenity to the authors of privy conspiracy and rebellion, and he is glad to add that the circumstances, well known to the country, which led so many to distrust our present national Chief Magistrate, have been explained by those who speak with authority to his entire satisfaction.

ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF THE BURIAL OF  
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.\*

BY RUFUS ELLIS.

"Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
Who never spoke against a foe."

THANKFULLY do we give an hour to prayer and to a few commemorative and, let us hope, submissive and trustful words. Would that we also might bend over the nation's honored dead, and join the sad train of mourners in the chief city of our land, and hear that solemn passing bell, though its iron hammer would fall upon our very hearts! But, since this cannot be, we do well, throughout our borders, to pray together as with one heart and voice, and fill the air of a loyal country with acknowledgments of Him who gives, and of Him who takes; whilst in our sanctuaries and before our altars, and as in the presence of the great God, we record a new vow of consecration to that cause for which, as himself has told us,—and he was no mere word-monger,—he was willing even to die, and that by the hand of an assassin. It is a time when human lips frame themselves almost inevitably to the speech of praise; but this need not be the speech of falsehood. Perhaps we never utter truer words of those whom we honor and love, than in the time when our grief is sore upon us. The calm if not cold critic, weighing and gauging and analyzing, is more likely to be unjust than even the loyal friend pouring out the abundance of a sorrowing heart. Reverence and love are the best of all interpreters. With their help we can discern, in their strength and beauty, the spirits that inform these mortal bodies; and, not fastening our attention upon the infirmities of our poor dust, we gladly bear witness to the inward glory which is immortal. And I

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\* Delivered in First Church, Boston, on the 19th April, 1865.

am persuaded that the words of sincere and heartfelt admiration and affection which may be spoken in this hour, when the dead lies out before the face of the whole nation, will scarcely need any abatement in the more quiet days that shall come.

1. *The Lord gave.* It is true of every good and perfect gift; but we cannot always see it as in these years, as on this day. It requires no singular discernment to recognize in him who has been struck down, a providential leader and guide of the people, and so to make good our frequent saying, that our world hath not been forsaken by the God who made it. I am not surprised that he bore, though a Christian, that old Hebrew name: it befitted one who, in so many ways, was signalled as a man for whom there was a purpose beyond our common and every-day purposes. I find no difficulty, I do not charge myself with cant, when I call him, in old Bible phrase, a man raised up, as the Lord is wont to raise up his servants, from the midst of the people, from following the herds, to accomplish the people's purpose, which is also the divine purpose, as hath been manifest ever since Christ came from Nazareth, and had compassion on the multitude, and was heard gladly by the common people. For the common people *the Lord gave* him to be the best embodiment of a genuine Christian democracy which these days or any days have yielded, to labor, to suffer, to die for his brethren. According to its highest interpretation, that is what this life, so cruelly assailed, means for us. He believed in the people because the spirit of the people was given so abundantly unto him, and in circumstances which were singularly favorable for its exercise. He was not learned, — the people are not learned; he was not a man of outward graces, — the people are not outwardly refined; his was not the imagination of the poet or the tongue of the rhetorician: but he had, more than all the people, the common sense which the people has; and his nature was singularly receptive at once of the divine and of the human. He had in large measures that religious faith without which no great work is ever done, — that faith which scholars and philosophers

and poets, nay, priests, may lose; but which the people, unless they have been sadly abused by the superstitious and tyrannical, never lose. Unlike some, who live as if God were dead, he listened for the words that proceed from the mouth of God, the oracles that are never dumb. He was content to walk with that Invisible Guide, not going before as some would have had him do, nor yet lagging behind. He was *raised up*, I say; for he was no will-worshipper, and his wisdom did not come by any private interpretation; and, though compelled against his instincts to be a man of war, he had no thought of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence; knowing the people better than they knew themselves, he was willing to be blamed alternately by one or another faction of them, sure in the end to be commended by them all, as on this day. His truth was the people's truth; plain, practical, homely; such truth as all honest and good souls are led into, at least in gospel lands, where the Bible lies in the cottage window, and catches that other light of the sun as it shines in through the leaves of the creeping vine, and is read by the poor man's boy. His goodness and his gentleness made him great; and, when sometimes we impatiently asked for a greater, we presently found that this child of the people was better for us than any son of the wise or mighty. He took no thought for the morrow; he lived a day at a time; and lo! whilst the reasoners were reasoning and the schemers were scheming, the people were made free: we could hardly tell how. God gave us what we needed, not the unconsecrated power which would have ruined us, but the righteousness and love which are saving us. I did not mean to dwell upon this being and character. I meant only to say, *the Lord gave*, only to point you to the providential in this great life.

2. Shall we say also, *The Lord hath taken away*? Yes: there is deepest wisdom in the old words, "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God;" and, rightly interpreted, they do not diminish man's responsibility, while they do re-enforce his trust. The people needed another martyr. That poor fool and sinner accomplished the very purpose which he thought to defeat. He sent one who, perhaps, had

battled long enough, — for joy and sorrow dwelt together in that heart as in every really great heart: you can read that in his rough, sad face, — he sent one who had fought a good fight, to the world of peace: but whether he acted alone, or, as there is too much cause to fear, with a host behind him, he brought into the light, as never before, the spirit which scorns and flouts the people, and, like Pharaoh in Egypt, is ever reaching forth a hand to slay the man-child who is born to inherit the earth. Let the people take courage. There is nothing that enriches the ground like the precious blood of a martyr. Deep damnation hath the murderer wrought for himself: for his own soul he has dug a deep grave. It had been better for that man if he had never been born. But we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth; and the cause of the people was never so hopeful as it is to-day, when they bend over the bier of the Strength of their Israel.

3. *Blessed, then, be the name of the Lord!* So we round the inspired sentence; praying that the breath of its divine life, the holy, heavenly Comforter, the Resurrection, may breathe through our souls, and that our land may be lifted up from its mourning, and take up the burden which he who has gone bore so faithfully and so well. Blessed be the name of the Lord! for memories the proudest, and hopes the most sacred, are more than ever ours; and the Saviour of the people still lives. "Fear not," saith the voice out of the heavens; "for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God. Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee; therefore will I give men for thee and people for thy life." In this promise let us trust, and the night of our weeping shall give place to a glorious day. Let us look backward, only that we may the more bravely and confidently look forward; let us gaze in sorrow upon our dead only that, in the strength of Him who liveth for ever, we may be more devoted citizens

of that country for which our dear and honored friend was willing to die ; and, as we turn away for ever from the face which has been changed, let us gather about him who, in the providence of God, is now the head of our nation, with hearts full of loyalty, and lips framed to prayer.

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### THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

WHAT times are these in which we live ! What tragedies are we compelled to witness ! The President of a free people assassinated in his own capitol ! A conspiracy to murder the chief rulers of the nation, and thus paralyze or destroy the Government ! Our flag, that so lately waved joyfully in the breeze, now draped in mourning ; our bells, that rang out pæans of victory, tolling for sorrow ; our nation in tears, that but yesterday was jubilant and triumphing ! In what age, in what country, do we live, that such catastrophes are realities ? If the sun had been turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, the horror would scarcely have been more dreadful. Passion Week is henceforth to be doubly significant as commemorative of a nation's agony, and Good Friday will be shrouded in a deeper gloom from association with the slaughter of the most beloved of magistrates. It is a personal as well as a public loss. It is a stab at every loyal heart, as well as at the cause of order, civilization, and liberty. God speaks to us by such events ; and it becomes us to listen to the teachings of his providence, as well as to his written word.

The first impression that is made upon us, after we have recovered from the shock which well-nigh overwhelmed us, is the feeling of mingled astonishment and shame at the baseness and enormity of the crime. We see of what wickedness man is capable. Human nature seems disgraced. The principal villain was not an ignorant, but a cultivated man. He had no personal provocation. The object of his dastardly

and deadly aim was the representative and instrument of the people, who had given the least cause for the assault. If such a deed had been perpetrated under a despotism, during the dark ages, we might not have wondered. But that it should have occurred here, in this nineteenth century after Christ, in this enlightened land, under the most liberal form of government, at the hand of one intelligent, refined apparently, and even accomplished, proves the iniquity which man may commit, and the inadequacy of mere culture to prevent it. Education, indeed, only enables the criminal to be more artful and more successful. The arch-fiend himself has consummate power and intellect. It is the moral sentiments alone that control the will and the life. As man may rise in the scale till he reach the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, so he may sink till he approximates the devils. The character of Judas is now less difficult to understand. He was only a betrayer, not a murderer. Here, however, was a parricide as well as a traitor.

“Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.”

It was an attempt at the life of the nation in the person of its Chief Magistrate. On the very day upon which our flag was replaced at Sumter as the symbol of the national authority, the head of the nation was struck down in Washington. It is a matter of humiliation as well as sorrow for us as a people. Those who hold their power by force against the will of their subjects now seem to say to us, “Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?” We never believed it possible that the spirit of assassination could exist among us, since we publicly declared, that rulers derive all their authority from the consent of the governed. We can hardly hear with patience of the deification of human nature; that men are all embryo saints; that sin is only stumbling, necessary to man’s development, and deserving only of pity, but not of punishment. As this war has for ever silenced the advocates of peace, so let us hope that we shall hear no more of views which represent the criminal as merely

unfortunate, and the assassin as only a less fully developed Christian.

If we turn now to contemplate our great loss, we cannot but admire and bless that signal Providence which selected one who was the son of a "poor white" in a slave State, and who grew up in a log-cabin in a Western wilderness, to be the ruler of this great nation in the most critical period of its history. Abraham Lincoln was pre-eminently the product of our institutions. Not graceful or refined, not always using the English language correctly, so that he did not receive a degree from Harvard College, he has proved to be the very man for the times; and he has won a place in the opinion of foreign critics and in the esteem of his countrymen, which is second only to that of Washington. He had the greatness of goodness; not a powerful or a brilliant intellect, but plain, practical good sense, a sincere purpose to do right, an eminently catholic spirit that was ready to listen to all sides, and a firm, unshaken belief in the expediency of justice. He believed in God, and in the victory of truth and righteousness. And when so many of our distinguished men have employed their talents to defend iniquity and to bolster up injustice, when so many of our presidents have encouraged corruption and intrigues, both at home and abroad, it was most auspicious that we had in the chair of state one whose honesty was unquestionable, and whose patriotism was above all doubt. Hence he proved such a skilful pilot, because he pursued so straight a course; no man who ever wielded such power having had so few enemies. Considering that his life was menaced before he was inaugurated, and that he was constantly in peril, it is wonderful that he was spared so long. But his work is done. He lived to restore the old flag to the spot where it had been stricken down, and to tread the streets of the conquered capital. He has now gone to join the great army of which he was the commander-in-chief, who have laid down their lives for the country, and with whom he will ever be associated as the chief martyr. Providence did not permit him to rebuild the temple of our liberties; but he was enabled to lay its foundations, to see its outlines and its glori-



ous proportions, and to behold all nations and races worshipping in it. No greater treasure could be left to us than the legacy of his services and his example.

It is impossible that one man could have concocted, matured, and executed such a crime. There was a cause behind, and this act was only the "crest of the wave." To those who are familiar with the society of the South, this deed did not occasion surprise. Opinions and practices prevail there, which are in perfect harmony with this atrocity. Founded on a system of injustice which abrogates all natural rights and all personal relations, which denies liberty, marriage, knowledge even of the Bible, murder is rife there as the natural concomitant of ignorance, concubinage, and barbarism. Slavery corrupts the conscience, and relaxes the entire moral law. Deeds of violence are permitted and prompted by it; and it is within the remembrance of all of us, that Southern senators in the Congress of the United States have publicly threatened to hang Northern men, if only they could arrest them. The same fiendish spirit which massacred our wounded soldiers, which starved our prisoners, which endeavored to burn the women and children in the hotels of a great city, renders a deed like this neither impossible nor improbable. And when we know that it was declared by many at the South that Mr. Lincoln would never live to be inaugurated; when we know that a million of dollars was asked for in their public prints as the price for the assassination of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of State,—we are compelled to find here the instigating cause of the murder. The assassin says in his letter: "My love is for the South alone. This country was formed for the white, not for the black, man. African slavery is one of the greatest blessings God ever bestowed upon a favored nation."

The author of this diabolical act was not a rebel, but a confederate with rebels; and his deed is the result of sympathy with treason. A Northern sympathizer with the enemy is far baser than a Southern foe. Not daring openly to take up arms against the Government, he opposes it by every means in his power. We all know in what quarters praise has been given

to the insurgents, false charges have been preferred against the Government, hatred has been enkindled against the blacks, and the prediction made, that, if war broke out between the North and South, it would be carried on also in our own cities and towns. These declarations have tended to embarrass our cause, to weaken the Government, to sow dissensions at home, to strengthen our enemies abroad, to encourage the South, and to create that state of disaffection which has now ripened into malicious murder. They who by their words have helped to make that public sentiment which has now manifested itself in act are morally participants in the guilt of it. "He that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds." Because treason involves such prodigious crimes, because this rebellion is so gigantic, we do not perhaps regard it with the abhorrence which it deserves. Villany often makes men bold and desperate. But robbery and murder are not excusable because they are committed by many rather than by few, by States rather than by individuals. One might perhaps find even in Satan some qualities to admire. The enemy of the country is far more to be loathed than a personal enemy. Jefferson Davis is a far greater criminal than Booth, because a nation was his victim, and he has sacrificed thousands of lives. The republic is in a life or death struggle. Public sentiment is our only safeguard. To praise the enemy is to assist them. On this account, men should be held to a strict responsibility for their expressions. These may incite others to overt acts of treason. The North is full of persons of doubtful loyalty. The subtle poison instilled by slavery is still lurking in all its parts. It is well known that many of the friends of Edward Everett regretted his patriotic course. The assassin of the President has friends in Boston, and doubtless a large number of accomplices throughout the country. There are many persons of wealth and influence who have no word of condemnation for the rebellion. Such persons are unworthy to live in a free country. Sympathy with treason is more dangerous than open rebellion. If allowed to pass unrebuked, no one is safe, and civil war may at any time break out in our streets. We

must have a public opinion which shall not allow even the utterance of disloyal sentiments. Let those who hold them, whether they be foreigners or natives, be compelled to silence; or, if they speak, let them be shunned as the enemies of their country and of their race. If one can take of this recent tragedy with any feeling but that of abhorrence for the actors in it, and for the spirit that prompted it, let him be excluded from society, and avoided as one who is in league with the powers of wickedness.

In our treatment of the rebels, we must be careful not to give way to the spirit of revenge. There is a tone of haughtiness and contempt which is but little different from that used by the Southerners themselves. Sarcasm, malice, hate, are not justifiable even in a good cause. If we punish a boy, we should not taunt him. There should be righteous indignation, but not unrighteous and unchristian resentment and wrath. There should not be vengeance, but justice; a complete vindication of the right, and an utter extirpation of the wrong. There must be a distinction made between the leaders and the people. The latter are to live with us, and must be conciliated and civilized. The former, who knowingly and wilfully have plotted and achieved all this mischief, must receive no forbearance or indulgence. They have been guilty of the greatest offence known to the law. They have sought the ruin of the nation. It is not safe that they should be permitted to live among us, to destroy our peace and injure our prosperity. We owe it to posterity that treason shall be regarded and punished as the most heinous of crimes. These incendiaries have no claims upon us, no rights which we are bound to respect. They are vipers which must be crushed, else they will sting the hand that would nurse and feed them. Their spirit is inexorable and implacable. Their civil ruler declares, that the war shall be continued, that he will never abandon the work, that no peace shall be made, that again and again will he renew and maintain the contest. Their military leader, in his farewell to his defeated soldiers, expresses his increasing admiration of their constancy and devotion to the Confederacy, and says, "You will take with

you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed." The Southern correspondent of the London Times writes, "If Richmond falls, and Lee and Johnston are driven from the field, it is but the first stage of the colossal revolution which will be completed. The closing scenes of this mightiest of revolutionary dramas will not be played out, save in the times of our children's children." No toleration must be extended to men who continue to avow such sentiments. The theory of State sovereignty must be for ever annihilated. The curse of slavery must be for ever extirpated. They who take the sword must abide the appeal to the sword. This even-handed justice must—

"Commend the ingredients of their poisoned chalice  
To their own lips."

We must have hereafter a stronger government, which can deal with the elements of treason and rebellion. There must also be more respect paid to our rulers, and more confidence reposed in them. Party opposition has been carried altogether too far. Prejudice and political feeling have, in some persons, well-nigh extinguished patriotism. We find fault with every act which does not accord with our views or policy. We do not recognize Government as the expression of Right, and obedience as a sacred duty. We do not appreciate our great men until they are taken from us. All persons now unite to honor the President when dead, who would not praise him if he were living. What a sad commentary is this on our injustice and ingratitude to public men! Mr. Lincoln is a striking instance of the unreasonableness and unfairness of political opponents. He was blamed by both extremes. Let us see to it that his successor is better supported.

In this country where the people rule, every citizen has a duty to perform. The State requires his allegiance and his service. Especially should the intelligent and religious portion of the community feel under solemn obligation to give their influence in the nomination and election of wise and virtuous rulers, in the support of all measures of sound public policy, and in the maintenance and increase of all use-

ful institutions. The republic cannot spare the voice or vote of any of her good citizens. And yet a few persons control our elections, nominate our officers, superintend our public interests, and watch over the public good! The withdrawal, one after another, of our prominent men, imposes an added responsibility on those who remain. When there are so many materials of discord in the State, every one should exert himself to maintain order, liberty, and progress. A few reckless individuals can cause incalculable injury to the community. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. The organs of public sentiment must be true. The tone of public debate must be candid. The spirit of public assemblies must be loyal and firm. The best tribute which we can pay to the memory of our great chief is increased fidelity to the principles which he represented. If his course commands our admiration, it should also incite us to imitation.

We have many reasons for hope and encouragement as to our country. We have cause for gratitude, that, with all the hostile elements among us, we have escaped the outbreak of civil war at the North. We have cause for thanksgiving, that our people have showed themselves so devoted and brave; bearing cheerfully the burdens and calamities of this conflict, and resolved that it shall be closed only by a righteous and lasting peace. We have cause for praise, that, notwithstanding our great loss, we have still so many able leaders left, and that our Government is so well able to cope with its open and its secret enemies. Our land is the dearer to us for our sacrifices. The blood of our martyrs sanctifies and enriches it. Their spirit passes into thousands of hearts. How costly is the progress of the race! It is only by the giving of life that we can have life. The first period of the war is nearly closed. The military portion of the work is almost done. There remains the more difficult part, that of civil reconstruction. We must have faith in our fundamental ideas. We must have faith in man and in human progress. Above all, we must have faith in God, in the triumph of his truth, in the establishment of his kingdom on the earth. New glory and prosperity are in store for us, if we are only true to the

principles of that kingdom. In the wise words of our late President, let us hope that peace "will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cases, and pay the cost. Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God in his own good time will give us the rightful result."

E. J. Y.

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#### RANDOM READINGS.

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#### OUR GREAT SORROW.

THOUGH its first expression has been most solemn and universal, it still lies heavy on every loyal heart. The thought that we must now go on without ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the good President, brings a gloom over the household as if one of its dearest inmates had been taken out of it. For he *was* an inmate in the families of the land, since he came home to the hearts of the people as no other man has ever done. God gave him to us in our hour of need; and we clung to him more closely as he grew upon us every day. We were just beginning to get some adequate appreciation of his moral greatness and goodness. A great military leader, in his place, if tainted with selfish ambition or a vindictive temper, would have changed the form of the government into a despotism. But how mildly and how tenderly did our beloved President wield the tremendous power committed to his hands! With all the abuse and obloquy heaped upon him, not a tinge of bitterness or vindictiveness ever colored the fountains of his heart, that ever flowed with the milk of kindness. His pleasantries, which many sneered at as unbecoming the dignity of his office, were surface irradiations, which showed the breadth and depth and richness of his nature.

His statesmanship was of the very highest order, — so high that it raised him into the immediate sphere of the divine guidance ; and the leading measures of his administration seemed more like divine suggestions and inspirations than State policy. We thought him dull and slow ; but how wisely timed were his proclamations, as if a higher wisdom than we could discern was shining upon his path ! His second inaugural will be regarded as the most remarkable state paper that was ever written, for its high religious tone and its majestic simplicity, as if the politician had been completely merged in the prophet-statesman. No man before had such a fearful burden laid upon him. And the reason why it did not crush him was the singleness of his aim and a reliance on God, like that of the old Hebrew faith, when Jehovah led visibly the armies of Israel. It is hard to think, that such a man, so good and so gentle as well as great, should be murdered by men whose crimes he was seeking to forgive, and over whose treason he was trying to throw the oblivion of a general amnesty. But he is not lost, and his stainless fame is our treasure. No other name will pass the lips of men with such tender benedictions as the name of Abraham Lincoln. In the lowly cabins of four million emancipated slaves, and their descendants for coming centuries, it will be pronounced with grateful tears. And our American institutions will commend themselves anew for having produced, as their spontaneous growth, a statesman who embodies so perfectly the precept of Christ to his disciples : “ Behold, I send you forth in the midst of wolves : be ye, therefore, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.”

There is a permissive Providence which turns the wrath of man to its own glory and praise. Mr. Lincoln is safe now beyond the malice of enemies and the strife of tongues, and the heart of a great people embalms his memory. It may be, that, in the new times that now open before us, there was needed a sterner hand than Mr. Lincoln's ; that his mild and generous nature would have been abused by the plotters of treason. And, now that God's awful justice is to take hold of the ends of the republic and shake the robbers out of it, it may require the ministry of a more swift and avenging retribution than his. So, while we bow down in our bereavement and kiss the rod of the divine anger, let us remember that God's majestic purpose moves on, and that the crimes of wicked men may only hasten its execution.

## GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

WE find in a Paris newspaper, the "Journal des Debats," a report made last month to the Emperor of France on the state of primary instruction in the kingdom. We gather from it some items which suggest the rapid progress in popular education now making in that country. In 1832 there were 59 pupils in public schools to every one thousand inhabitants; in 1847 there were 99; and in 1863 there were 116. In the year last named, there were 8,566 public schools newly opened, and a gain of 806,233 pupils. Still there were 818 communes where there were no schools; though these communes were small, and the children living in them, to a great extent, attended the schools of neighboring communes. In 1863 there were 3,133,540 children at public schools, between the ages of seven and thirteen; the whole number between those ages in the kingdom being 4,184,270. Catholic children leave school at the time of the first communion, generally between the ages of eleven and twelve. Protestant children leave at the time of their first communion, which is for the most part at the age of sixteen. It is to this prolonged study, as well as to the Protestant injunction to be familiar with the Bible, that the superior scholarship of Protestant children is attributed. The empire expends fifty-eight millions of francs on its public schools, and employs seventy-seven thousand teachers. Of the young men conscripted for the army in 1863, only seven and a half in a hundred could not read; though the proportion in former years was so much greater, that, in point of fact, about one third of the French soldiers know not how to read. The relation of public education to morals is revealed by the remark, that "what has been gained by the schools has been lost by the prisons." The number of persons under twenty-one accused of crime in 1853 was 1,172, and only 657 in 1863. This report was made the subject of discussion in several sessions of the Private Council at which the Emperor presided in person; and projects were considered for extending schools for girls, offering rewards for constant attendance, increase of wages of instructors, requiring higher qualifications for teachers, &c., &c.

"THE Philosophy of St. Augustine" is the title of a book, by M. Nourrisson, just published in Paris. It was crowned by the



Academy of Moral Sciences, and is looked for with much interest.

"A HISTORY of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art," by Thomas Wright, Esq., published in London, traces the love of the comic from the ancient Egyptians to the Greeks and Romans, through the Middle Ages and old English literature, down to the days of Punch, — a faithful and scholarly work, it is said, of five hundred pages, with numerous illustrations. He gives the drawing of a caricature found on the Palatine in Rome, placed there when Rome was pagan, and Christianity first attracted attention. It represents one Alexaminos worshipping a crucified figure that has the head of an ass, with an inscription underneath, rudely but clearly written, — *Alexaminos adores God*. We almost forgive the impious derision in reflecting upon this early, curious, and undesigned evidence of Christianity.

"FRASER'S Magazine" for March has a remarkable article by the Dean of St. Paul's, against "the expediency, wisdom and righteousness" of requiring, in the English Church, a subscription to the thirty-nine articles. He says he does not in conscience object to signing them himself; but he proceeds, in a singularly candid and tolerant spirit, to show why subscription should not be required of others. These articles, he says, were composed in a time of controversy, and cannot now be properly understood without more critical historical knowledge than most clergymen possess. They are inadequate to meet the exigencies of the present age, and have proved impotent to suppress the Romanizing, Evangelical, or Rationalizing tendencies in the church. The best protection the Church has is in her Liturgy and Prayers. Besides, as he says, the great doubt in what sense these articles are to be understood has exposed many to "a very immoral trial of conscience." We think that the creed here referred to is not the only one to which these objections apply.

THE progress of religious liberty in Naples has been signaled by a remarkable event. Five years ago, Protestant worship in an obscure hall was hardly tolerated. Quite recently, a Protestant Church, near the Chiaja, has been publicly consecrated with imposing ceremonies.

FROM the Paris "Revue Germanique et Française," we learn that M. Colani, of Strasbourg, is the author of a work just published on "Jesus Christ and the Messianic Beliefs of his Times." The

name of Colani will be recognized by many as that of one of the most learned and earnest writers of the liberal school of French Protestantism. The Review above referred to names him as a pastor, theologian, hebraist, man of science and of faith, who labors to place Christianity in accord with the progress of science and philosophy. It adds that he believes that Christianity cannot much longer escape the attacks of a criticism which shakes all problems in history; but, far from being frightened at this tendency, he is convinced, that in the end, wherever truth is found, there the Evangile will be also. The Review then gives us this extract from Colani's book: "A bold hand has lately removed from the fresco of the Last Supper a layer of painting which has long been honored as making a part of the great work of Leonardo Da Vinci. But, lo! we are compelled to acknowledge, that hitherto we have admired only a suppositious addition to his work; and, thanks to this removal, the authentic figure of the true Christ of the Last Supper comes out in the incomparable majesty of its resignation. If the Evangile be the eternal truth, historical criticism will only render to it a like service: it can never extinguish it, or obscure it."

A WRITER in the French Review above named, gives a long list of many recent works called forth in defence of Rénan's "Life of Jesus," of which it says two hundred and sixty thousand copies have been sold, less, as the critic thinks, in consequence of any scientific or philosophic merit of that book, than for its power to transform into a living, real being one who has hitherto occupied only "the nebulous domain of theological abstraction." He thus claims the welcome accorded to Rénan's book as essentially a profoundly *religious* movement, deepening that sense of the divine, which, if we can never fathom, so also we can never wholly lay aside, and which sooner or later brings the word God to all our lips, — "last word alike for those who know and for those who are ignorant." Leaving the adaptedness of Rénan's book to French modes of thought to be settled by the critics, we will only add that we have been pleased with the calm, hopeful, and devout criticism, the closing lines of which we may give in the original: —

"Tu ne dors pas souvent dans mon sein, nom sublime,  
 Tu ne dors pas souvent sur mes lèvres de feu;  
 Mais chaque impression t'y trouve et t'y ranime,  
 Et le vie de mon âme est toujours toi, mon Dieu!"

THE Empress Eugénie has addressed a letter, admirable for its simplicity and directness, to the princesses of Europe, asking their co-operation in repairing the Dome of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This Dome, built by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, and rebuilt by the Latin Christians in the twelfth century, was burned in 1808, and has since been in a state of dilapidation which endangers the safety of pilgrims, and is a scandal to all believers. The Empress proposes to raise a sum of money sufficient to rebuild the entire Church of the Sepulchre, on a new plan and a large scale. A writer in the "London Reader" praises this effort of the Empress, and calls it a spectacle of rare interest "that this exalted lady, the brilliant leader of a gay and splendid court, should be occupied with a subject for which of all others the world would be last disposed to give her credit." But, while grateful for the attempt to *repair*, he protests against the proposal to *reconstruct*. He calls the Dome "one of the noblest monuments in existence of the Byzantine architecture," and he thinks it should be religiously preserved. To supplant it by some edifice of modern design, without a single sacred association or a single claim on our reverence, would be, he says, "an act of the greatest vandalism, and sufficient to mark the latter half of the nineteenth century with eternal disgrace."

A GERMAN paper says that it was the opinion of the late Baron Bunsen, "that Zoroaster was the Hebrew Adam." Ernest de Bunsen, a son of the Baron, is shortly to publish a book supporting this view.

M.

#### THEOLOGICAL PARTIALITY.

IN his "Note on the Corrected English Translation of the Epistles to the Corinthians," Stanley gives us two curious instances of this offence. In 1 Cor. ix. 27, "cast away" ought to be "reprobate:" the translators were anxious to avoid the conclusion that the apostle might fall away from grace. Traces of the controversy as to the receiving of the elements in the Lord's Supper in two kinds, or only in one, through the Romish practice of withholding the cup from the laity, are to be discerned in the incorrect translation, "eat *and* drink" for "eat *or* drink." In truth, all sects live in glass houses, and will find the throwing of stones an expensive and troublesome entertainment all round.

E.

## STATEMENT OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

A STATEMENT prepared originally by the Channing Church, at Newton Corner, has been adopted by several other Unitarian churches in Massachusetts. It is not a creed to be imposed upon others; not made a condition of church-membership or Christian fellowship; but designed as a distinct avowal of belief by the churches which adopt it.

It involves the following heads: Belief in the Father Almighty, in Jesus Christ his Son, in the Holy Spirit, in human depravity, in the atonement, in regeneration and conversion, in forgiveness of sins, in a future retribution, in the efficacy of prayer, in the brotherhood of man, and in the transcendent worth and importance of religion. All these topics are touched and expounded with admirable clearness.

Under one head we should withhold assent. The second article describes Christ as "the brightness of the Father's glory" and the "express image of his person," the "incarnation of the Divine Word," the "ever-living Head of the Church," to whom "all power is given" and under whom "all things are placed," the Father excepted, and "God manifest in the flesh."

This grand utterance is soon followed by the following:—

"We believe that our Saviour was a being distinct from the Father, to whom he prayed; *that he possessed but one mind and will, one character and consciousness.*"

There are several forms of Unitarianism proper, and specially three.

There is Arianism, which makes Christ, though a creature, the Creator of the Universe; a kind of sub-deity. Few believe this. There is Socinianism, which makes him a man, born like any other man, and only an inspired prophet and teacher. There is the Antenicene Church doctrine, which asserts an indwelling of God in Christ, which was more than inspiration, called an hypostatic union. This doctrine is still preserved in all the forms of Unitarianism known as Sabellian; in another form, somewhat modified, by Swedenborg; in many Orthodox creeds, which reject the words "three persons" as Tritheistic; and, as we suppose, in the devout consciousness of multitudes of Unitarians who feel themselves united to Christ as the living Head of a living fold,

and would stoutly reject the Socinian theory without attempting to formulate their inmost and tenderest convictions.

Now the last sentence quoted above is merely negative, is a human interpretation, and seems to us to *interpret away* the grand utterances preceding, making them mean little or nothing, and positing the church on bald Socinianism. Why undertake to say that Christ had only one mind, will, and consciousness? Why not say, that, in his highest, most authoritative speech and manifestation, his finite consciousness was in abeyance, and that Christianity comes to us out of the pure mind and consciousness of God himself? Why not allow, what the Church of all ages affirms with emphasis, that divine incarnation is more than inspiration, or direction *ab extra*, even a union of the divine *nature* with the nature of Christ, through whom, therefore, Christianity comes as the absolute religion, and the divine attributes in unclouded moral glory beam upon the world?

Vain are our definitions of the line where the Divine touches the human, the Infinite the finite. It can no more be done in regard to inspiration than incarnation. So when we move to adopt the above Statement of Faith in the church to which we belong, which we may very likely do, it is generally so excellent, we shall "move an amendment," even to "strike out" the sentence quoted above from page 5th, and leave the divinely inspired sentences which precede to their untamed significance. Even of us poor mortals the statement would be too bald, — "but one will and consciousness," — much more of him of whom it could be said, "The Father who DWELLETH in me doeth the works." s.

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#### AN ORTHODOX CREED.

WE have the creed of a large Orthodox church, in six articles. There is less private interpretation in it than in the Unitarian statement above referred to. We give three of the articles: —

"We believe there is only one true God, self-existent, eternal, perfect in wisdom, power, goodness, and holiness, revealed as subsisting in a manner mysterious to us as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

"We believe that God so loved the world that he gave his Son for its salvation; that his Son became incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ; that he set forth an example of perfect obedience and purity, taught the

way of life, and suffered on the cross for sinners; and that, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, he became a propitiation for the sins of the whole world; and opened a way whereby all who believe in him, with repentance of their sins, may be saved, without impeachment of divine justice and truth.

"We believe that Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of God the Father, whence he sends forth the Holy Spirit, and where he ever liveth to make intercession for us; and that through him God offers full forgiveness and everlasting life to all who will heartily repent, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

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### THE WINTER IS PAST.

[Readers of the Magazine not acquainted with Latin and Greek metres, are advised to read H. T.'s poems, "*De Republica bene speravi*," and "*The Winter is Past*," *aloud* before condemning them as unmusical.—E.]

SOFT, on this April morning,  
Breathe, from the South, delicate odors,  
Vaguely defined, giving the breezes  
Spring-like, delicious zest.

Breezes from Southern forests,  
Bringing us glad tidings of Summer's  
Promised return; waking from slumber  
Each of the earliest plants.

Lo! in the night the elm-tree  
Opened its buds; catkins of hazel  
Tasselled the hedge; maple and alder  
Welcomed with bloom the Spring.

Faintly the warbling bluebird  
Utters his note; song-sparrows boldly  
Fling to the wind joyous assurance,—  
"Summer is coming North."

None can express the longing,  
Mingled with joy, mingled with sadness,  
Swelling my heart ever, when April  
Brings us the bird and flower.

Tender and sweet remembrance,  
Filling my soul, gives me assurance  
"Death is but frost. Lo! the eternal  
Spring-time of heaven shall come."

H. T.

## HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

At the evening festival in New York, after the close of the business meetings of the Unitarian National Convention, Governor Andrew, in a masterly speech which carried his audience clear away, at the close of it paid a tribute to our fallen heroes. He ended with quoting these lines from Collins in a tone of the tenderest pathos; and they are specially appropriate now that we weep for the death of the greatest martyr who has fallen.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
With all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

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PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S SUCCESSOR.

Who would be President in case of the demise of President Johnson? is a question which spontaneously occurs. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that, if the assassins had succeeded in the complete execution of their plot, the Government would have been paralyzed, and left without a head. Congress has the power, by the Constitution, of providing successors to any extent, however frequently the chief executive officer may be disabled or removed. See article ii. sect. 1. Probably the assassins were not aware of this, and expected to bring the whole machinery of the Government to a stand. There is no possibility of doing it. The provision of the Constitution is as follows:—

"In case of the removal of the president from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the vice-president; and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of the president and vice-president, declaring what officer shall then act as president; and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a president shall be elected."

S.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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*Hymns and Sacred Pieces, with Miscellaneous Poems.* By RAY PALMER. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1865. 12mo. pp. 195.

There is no form of literary production that can take precedence of the devotional hymn. This the ancients recognized, and we confess it by the place still accorded to the Greek hymnists among the chief of the Greek poets. If there was room for this estimate under the sensuous mythology of Athens, can there be less scope for it in the vast, sublime, tender, soul-filling objects of the Christian faith, reverence, and worship? A Christian hymn — worthy to be so called — is not merely a rhymed prayer, thanksgiving, or dogmatical statement. It must have as much of fancy as of devotion. It must stir the heart through the imagination. It must borrow its imagery from finite and material objects; and yet must so transfigure and glorify them by the relation into which they are brought with the unseen, the infinite, and the eternal, that there shall linger about them no trail of earthiness, or savor of mortality. Then, too, it must have unity of conception and purpose; and it is most adequate to its mission, when, in each successive stanza, it but deepens and intensifies the thought suggested by its opening words, insomuch that all our best hymns are not only familiarly known by, but epitomized in, their first lines. The hymn must have action too. It must represent, not the statics, but the dynamics, of the spiritual life; so that the devout men and women who sing it shall be conscious of the heavenward movement while they sing. And, withal, it must be rhythmical, not only negatively, but positively, with a spring to the feet and a ring to the lines, so that it shall never be subordinated to the tune to which it is set, but shall have sufficient lyric force to surge and swell beyond the limits of the written score, and to add a melody entirely its own to that on the pages of the music-book. It is difficult to estimate the world's indebtedness to the author of such a hymn,



when we reflect for how many thousands and generations it may be a perennial source of strength or of consolation to young and old, to the living and the dying.

For one such hymn, by the admission of all, the Church is indebted to Dr. Palmer. "My Faith looks up to Thee," would be retained in a collection of hymns, however small. Before it was written, a high-toned, though too fastidious critic, in turning over the leaves of one of our portly hymn-books with undisguised contempt, said, "There are three hymns in the English language: I know not where to look for the fourth." We think that he would have recognized this of Dr. Palmer's as the fourth. Of the thirty-two hymns in the volume before us, there are several which approach this in merit, — two or three which we should pronounce equal to it, had they taken an equally strong hold on the general heart, while there is not one that has not all the characteristics of the true hymn which we have named above. The Sacred Pieces which follow are, without an exception, rich equally in poetic thought and religious sentiment, while the versification is pure and strong. Dr. Palmer has shown rare skill in the use of the sonnet, which may well be taken as the test of poetical ability. His sonnets compress, without cramping, enough of fancy, thought, and feeling within the normal fourteen lines, to make of each a complete poem, with its clearly defined purpose, and its distinct and vivid impression on the reader. Of the Miscellaneous Pieces that occupy the latter part of the volume, the longest is "The Spirit's Life," — a poem delivered at certain academic festivals, and, for a poem thus made to order, singularly poetical, though, notwithstanding its very great didactic merits, it interests us less than the least piece in the volume beside. The remaining poems seem to us very charming for the union which we trace in them all of prolific fancy, pure taste, and strong devotional feeling, — the last even more impressive and winning, when, as in some of these pieces, it has manifestly stolen in without the author's knowing it, than in the hymns, where it is professedly kept in the foreground.

We would add, as not the least among the merits of this volume, that we understand every word of it, — which is more than we can often say of newly printed poetry, though we suspect that the obscurity generally results from muddiness rather than from depth of thought. But Dr. Palmer is guiltless of the solecisms,

archaisms, imported idioms, inversions of sentences, suppressions of auxiliary words, audacious experiments on his reader's apprehensive powers, which, in some cases, deform works of real genius, yet are much more frequently employed to hide the writer's meagreness of intellect and poverty of resource.

*Annals of the American Pulpit.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. Robert Carter & Brothers.

This is every way a remarkable book. That Dr. Sprague, an Orthodox divine, could give so fully the biography of Unitarian ministers, differing from him so essentially in theology, and yet do full justice to his subject, were hardly to be conceived. And yet he *has* done justice to it, and given us a series of biographies with a rare candor and impartiality, and a thorough appreciation of the moral excellence of Unitarian divines. We doubt whether any Unitarian would have done this work so well, or in a way that sub-serves so fully the great ends of biography and history. The letters which follow the biographical sketches, written generally by those who were personal friends or acquaintances of the subjects of the sketches, are a most pleasing feature of the work, and impart to it a living interest. There is no book which Unitarians will read more eagerly, touching their own history, and delineating the characters which they dwell upon most fondly among the sainted dead, than this noble contribution to religious literature. s.

*The Thinking Bayonet.* By JAMES K. HOSMER, Author of the "Color Guard." Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Company.

Mr. Hosmer, in the "Color Guard," has evinced qualities, both as a man and a writer, which will secure for his subsequent work an eager reception. His description of scenes and incidents in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Fort Hudson under General Banks, is unsurpassed both for vividness and tenderness; and, though the narrative is exceedingly unpretending, the amiable and manly spirit of the writer shines through it. The present volume is not a book on the war, though designed to illustrate the influence of the stern duties which it imposed in the development of character. The narrative is fictitious, with the strong coloring of reality; and shows a power both of natural description and moral painting which is the attribute of genius. Herbert Lee, the hero of the tale, is a noble character, finely drawn,

whose tendencies to scepticism and perilous speculation are all checked and removed by the practical duties of the march and the battle-field. The book is very interesting, and excellent in its moral bearing and influence. s.

*Religious Duty.* By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Boston: William V. Spencer.

The new Theism of which Miss Cobbe is an expounder, differs from the old English Deism mainly in its acknowledgment of the immanence of God in the human soul, and its capacity of communion with him. Therefore it is more devout, and believes in the efficacy of prayer. Miss Cobbe, without any direct recognition of Christianity, writes here a very religious book. It is edifying, and excellent in spirit every way. Her two chapters on Faith and Prayer are very earnest; and the Christian spirit, without the Christian theory, pervades her book. But the book loses immensely in spiritual power, because the object of worship is not unveiled and yielded to the believer in the open sunlight and warmth of Christianity. The book will do good in two ways. It is positive, and not negative; and therefore, so far as it has any influence, it will be on the side of a pure religion and a lofty morality. And yet it is not so far positive as to satisfy the soul's deepest hunger, and it will be pretty sure to turn with fresh longings for the bread which came down from heaven in the Saviour of the world. s.

*Essays.* By R. W. EMERSON. First and Second Series.

*Poems.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These two volumes Ticknor & Fields have added to their series of blue and gold. The admirers of Emerson will delight to find his best utterances embodied in this convenient and beautiful form. The "Poems" have an excellent likeness, which fronts the title-page. s.

*Cape Cod.* By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

"If you hav'nt been to Cape Cod, you might as well not have been anywhere," was once a remark of Daniel Webster. We have been there, and can testify to the graphic touches of Mr. Thoreau, and his wonderful power of description. He has also

a broad humor that never fails him under any circumstances, and gives him a sort of sympathy with nature, even in her lowest moods. But much of his description is caricature, rather than the true picturing of men and things. The people of the Cape, its sands and barrens, he does not see in their best aspects, though his book is thoroughly entertaining. s.

*Lectures on the New Dispensation of the New Jerusalem.* By B. F. BARRETT. Sixth edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A new edition of a work first published twenty years ago. It is written in Mr. Barrett's popular style, and has had a wide circulation as an exposition of the Swedenborgian system of doctrines.

#### PAMPHLETS.

*The Unions of the Liberal Faith.* A Discourse by O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Society in New York. David G. Francis.

*The Fountain of Christian Truth.* A Discourse delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Philadelphia. By W. H. FURNESS, D.D. Published by request. Sherman & Co.

"*God is One.*" A Sermon preached on Trinity Sunday, May 22, 1864, at Southampton, and on Aug. 7, 1864, at Newport, Isle of Wight, by Rev. E. KELL, M.A., F. S. A., with a lithograph of Dr. Priestley's birthplace. London: Whitfield, Green, & Son.

*The American War*, by the same Author. From the "London Inquirer," Dec. 17, 1864.

A noble plea for our cause by one English Unitarian who understands us, and rebukes the treachery of his brethren to the rights of man. We thank Mr. Kell for his timely and eloquent words. s.